

Live Oaks

by Gary Hardaway

New growth pushes old growth off
in a mess of un-extraordinary leaves-
beige, brown, and sage green. Neither
evergreen nor exactly deciduous.
And soon, a yellow residue of pollen
smearing hoods and windshields
of cars not garaged, and the moss-like
flowers clogging gutters and downspouts
as, tracked in, they stain the off-white carpet.
In Baton Rouge, the limbs touch ground
like legs of giant, occupying spiders.

